

The Charles Viewer





THE CHARLES VIEWER
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GROWING

Why can't you accept changes in me?
It's only because I've grown and
matured into what is right for me.

Some things will always have a place
in my memory because they meant so much to
me. I write this in remembrance of
all the beer we drank, those crazy
fraternity parties, and the sharing of
experiences. I'm still that kid you knew
then, only a bit more serious now, and
more sure about what I want from life.

I often think about those times,
but know I couldn't live them again
even if I wanted to, I chose to
journey down a different path, and once
you've passed somewhere, you can never return.

Sue Forman '77

walking by the river
one too-hot summer day,
i watched a sailboat, sailing free
as emotion sailed from me.

the river is enchanting
mysterious--bubbling free.
the boats are alive with summer sun
smiling over summer fun.

i sadly left the river site.
as the summer night grew cool,
twilight sailors head for shore
leaving the river as before.

Sallie Holian '77

REFLECTIONS AT SUNSET

Yes, our hands are hardened and wrinkled. My sight is going; you are frail and weak. The children are grown and independent now. They have families and lives of their own. It's fine to spend Sundays with them--don't you agree, dear? Do you need a blanket? It is rather chilly. But let's stay out on the porch a little longer. I do so enjoy these quiet evenings. The setting sun is beautiful. Just look over there. It's funny--I just recently noticed how wondrous the sunset can be. Why do you think it is I haven't really seen it until now? I'll have to point out the glowing colors to our grandchildren next Sunday. I hope they'll love nature as I do. Those boys are really growing up quickly--don't you agree, dear? I can remember when I was a youngster. Ha! Those really were the days. Baseball, dancing--and the time we met! I wonder what the sunset looked like that day.

Maura Held '78

They stood together, the girl and the man, in the darkness of the almost winter night, each wanting desperately to prolong this last moment.

He touched her cheek gently and gazed into her eyes leaf-green in color, as he tried to decipher the thoughts he knew to be in her head. He was confusing her, he knew, but he couldn't help the feelings he had.

He had looked at her often through the years, and now he looked again. He looked at her hair--cocoa brown, curly, and soft. He looked once more at her eyes. Ah! Those tell-tale eyes! They always gave away her moods. They talked, smiled, cried, thought, and dreamed in a world of their own.

He looked at her mouth--now at that thoughtful, ready to break into a smile, point. He almost smiled himself at the thought, and he wondered if she could be thinking of smiling now.

He wanted to hold this moment for as long as possible. She was slipping away from him, and he was afraid. Afraid of losing her before he could know her completely. He wanted to protect her, to give her whatever she wanted or needed, but most of all he wanted to love her. Right now, looking at her and seeing her thoughts written on her face that way, he wanted to cry. He felt that strongly about her--he could cry...

Oh, I pity the people who sit back
and just watch life go by.
Loneliness and boredom they do not lack;
they do not spread their wings to fly;
they don't know what they're missing
until they have the courage to try.

Oh, I hope these people are listening,
because I want them to fly
for no one should waste his life away,
for waste of life is a waste to die
reach out for people, make friends
make goals for yourself, make them high.

don't live life till it ends,
live life so each day, it begins!

Kathy Jamieson '77

Moments of peace linger
Foreshadowing the Truth
Yet to come.
Glimpses of a utopia
Free of conflict
Seep through the guilt-ridden walls.
Walls of broken promises, broken dreams, and broken lives.

Ramona Singleton '78

Friends create an endless
Revolution
Of thoughts and feelings
Interacting forever.
Each, a star, shining
Its light.
Growing together,
Fed by the light
Forever.

Ramona Singleton '78

i remember that you're
beautiful
how often when i'm
lonely i think of
your smile and love
you again,
how long will
i remember you?
forever --
if there's such a time!

Ecstasy
is so far away
from our reach,
Yet,
we still try to find it
with blackened hearts.
Fantasy
Is more in our minds
than the solid truth.

Sallie Holian '77

Carol Sylvester '78



SPRING

The flower bloomed.
Spring began to wake the earth
The birds announced it.

Gail Legere ' 77

what i remember best about
the summer of seventy-six
is:
sitting on a grassy hillside
eating chicken, finger-licking good
feeling easy
drinking Schlitz
talking with you
sitting by a pool
looking in your eyes
sipping Fresca
dipping chips
laughing with you.
watching a movie
sad or funny
our legs on the seats in front
our shoes on the floor
your hand on my arm,
reassuring me.
driving along a country road
feeling easy
feeling happy
just laughing and
talking with you.

Sallie Holian '77

Hey! Mr. Sunshine!
Come shine some light on my life,
Had enough of the rain,
Had enough of the pain.

Hey! Mr. Sunshine!
Need my share of happiness,
Cannot bear anymore sadness;
Please shine bright on me,
So happiness I can see,
And the smile you see is mine.
Do not have anymore time,
The clouds are closing in.
Please help happiness begin!

Kathy Jamieson '77

FRIENDSHIP

We grew up through the years not realizing we were growing towards our separation. From each other, we learned the things that were important to us. The values we learned have helped us come closer to our goals. We have showed each other the meaning of friendship.

Time seemed to move so quickly, and all the carefree years ended. The memories of laughter, tears and fun will remain with us forever. Even if parting is hard, we have gained the strength and confidence to journey on through our friendship.

Gail Legere '78

The black smoke rising
creates a dark gleam
over the lake.

They all stand
on the waters edge,
and as the smoke clears,
you can plainly see
The hate in their eyes.

When we move closer,
they gather tightly
'round the lake
as if it was the only
living thing they had left.
But their eyes,
their eyes
had that awful look in them.
They were deep, dark, and
black
and we saw the image of
hatred in them.
But then what can you expect
from the last of the
Navajos?

Carol Sylvester '78

CONFLICTS

Sobs of joy
Tears of sadness
Sights of woe
Cries of madness
Heated anger
Delightful glow
Emotions high
Emotions low
Which way should
My feelings go?
Surrounded am I
By confusion.
Can't escape
Into seclusion.
With all the conflict
I'll have to cope.
I'll make it through
If I have hope.

Maura Held '78

SOMEONE ELSE

Please don't walk away.
I want you to stay;
Don't leave me now.
Live life without you?
I won't know how.
I love and need you.
Don't break my heart;
I'll fall apart.
What happened to the time
I was yours, and you were mine?
Something went wrong;
Please tell me now.
Where our love has gone,
I have to know now.
Before you leave,
I must believe,
And learn to accept
That you have met
Someone else.

Kathy Jamieson '77

As the sun mellows out
and is ready to sleep,
I'm far from you
and ready to weep.

I can't help to think you're gone forever
Just when will I see you-tomorrow or never?

But time quickly passes,
Or so I am told
How long must I wait here?
My life seems so cold.

I can't help to think you're gone forever,
Just when will I see you-tomorrow or never?

I really do love you
I've said time and again.
I want to be near you
My one love and true friend.

Heidi Urquhart '78

It's funny,
 when
 the
 rain
 falls.

It tends to make me sad and depressed.
He will always be in each of my thoughts
No matter which path we travel on next.

When the present is the past,
and the future is today;
We could still be together,
if we want it that way.

But when values change and
our goals are made higher,
Separate roads we shall take
to fulfill our desires.

Yes, it's funny,
 when
 the
 rain
 falls,
And the thunder and lightning appear.
I begin to stare out the window
Trying hard not to shed a tear.

It all means so very much to me
Each new day brings another surprise,
We must learn to talk things over
And work them out, as problems arise.

And someday things may be better.
We will never have to worry or hide,
Because whatever happens to me will happen to you
For you may be right by my side.

Oh yes, it's funny,
 when
 the
 rain
 falls.

Diane Peterson '77

The trees stand so lonely here
in the city.
Back there they are surrounded
by nature.

My life is similar.
I am lonely here.
There I am surrounded
by beauty and nature, but
Most of all by you...

Kathy Plankey '77



K Jamieson

TIME

Babies sleep soundly in cradles.
Toddlers play patiently in yards.
Children sing sweetly in school.
Each waiting, wishing to grow older,
Wanting to be an adult, accepted as a person.

Babies swing silent in cradles.
Toddlers practice parenthood in yards.
Children seeing, searching in school,
Each dreaming, daring to grow older,
Wanting to be an adult, accepted as a person.

Babies turn to toddlers with the years.
Toddlers eagerly escape into childhood.
Children tenderly trample to adulthood.
Each waiting, wishing to grow older,
Wanting to be an adult, accepted as a person.

Time goes on, children grow old.
Cradles wait, yards lie still.
School is for other children.
Each dreaming, trying to grow young again,
Wanting to be children, carefree children.

Gail Legere '78

Have you ever sat in a house
all alone not listening to music,
watching T.V. or reading, but just
sitting? You become acutely aware
of the clock ticking time away, the
rhythmic plunking of water dripping
from a faucet, and sounds of everyday
living filtering into your four wall
encasement from outside the windows.
Somehow all this builds a quiet,
growing despair in me toward the
overwhelming, zany jungle of life.

Sue Forman '77

I walked down the solitary
beach with the incessant pounding
of surf filling my ears.

The ocean has a way of removing
emotional heaviness that can drag you
down, but I still couldn't shake my
feelings for you.

We both loved each other, even
though neither of us admitted it
directly. You told me it wouldn't work,
yet. I've never seen more sadness, and
pain in your eyes. When we ran into
each other later, you'd never look into
my eyes. Were you afraid of love?

Now when I walk along the
beach, I think back, and I have
mixed feelings because I'm glad you set
me free so I could grow and change,
but I'm also sorry we couldn't do
it together.

Sue Forman '77

city rain falls
hard
bringing
tired thoughts of
empty days.....
i remember
other rain--
far away laughing
rain
with thoughts of
puddles and mud
and fun-filled days.

MEN DON'T CRY

When I saw his face
I thought I saw a trace,
Of a tear in his eye.
But no, I was wrong,
Big men who are strong,
Don't cry.

Kathy Jamieson '77

Sallie Holian '77

Alone
In the midst of winter
With neither friend
Nor companion,
Fatigue lies heavily
On my shoulders
As darkness sets
All around.
Too weak too low
To soar with the moon
Which has risen
For all to see,
I am grounded
Far from the stars
And all alone--
Only me.
I must climb
To join those lights
And liberty.

In the shadows of a dark and lonely night,
I perceive a truth--unknown.
Unmasked--revealing everything
But nothing.
And as the dawn awakened to a new time,
It disappears with the night,
And all that is left is:
A Reflection of Self.

Ramona Singleton '78

To exist in the deep abyss of the night
Where the soul and mind mingle
in complete harmony.

To feel the slow, rythmic pulse of life
In Nature, knowing that it is
Forever.

To see a great mountain, tall and strong
Against the sky knowing it is made of
Small particles of sand.

To love en masse and yet to find
A special singularity in each.

To live long, full and strong
Under a heavy sky.

Ramona Singleton '78

Maura Held '78

NIGHT

The moon rose slowly,
Silver light stretched forward
To a waking owl.

Gail Legere '77



Broken arrows
Clutter my conscience
Piercing the soul
And the mind.
Their Aim,
Direct and Forceful,
Intending to Destroy,
Cause only scars of depth
And sensitivity.
The war is lost within the effort.

Ramona Singleton '78

I love you
But I can't reach you.
I need you
But you don't want me.

Whenever I'm near
You don't seem to care.
The times I'm with you
I'm happy yet blue.

I need you to love me;
I'm sure you must know.
Please stay here beside me;
Don't leave me, don't go.

Heidi Urquhart '78

Your smile melted my worries away.
Your eyes showed concern and care.
You always spoke words of
Encouragement sensing how much I
Needed it to keep going.
Your sense of humor was compatible
With mine.
Where have you gone?
Please come to my door and
Smile again.

Sue Forman '77

REVENGE

The girl was small and plain. Nothing in her appearance attracted the attention of the crowd. Eyes shining, she watched the soldiers march behind the bank. A soldier's laughing eyes caught hers, and she smiled at him. Her small hands slid into her pocket as she watched the soldier come closer. He bent to pat her head, and before he could feel the cold metal against his gut, her small fingers pulled the trigger. She had gotten even with the war for taking her father away and destroying her town.

Gail Legere '78

A drop of lust sails downward hitting the virgin pool of water, while the ripples of love disappear along the bank's edges. The water eventually calm; but what remains is the murky aftermath of regret.

Melissa DeMusis '78

MEMORIES

I glaze endlessly at the first falling snow.
My mind travels back into time
To the times I've shared with you.
Long walks on snowy country roads,
Laughing voices under the sun,
Blazing fires in the lodge,
Glazing at the setting sun,
Skiing on moonlit slopes,
Eyes that shine with love.
If life allows us to share once again,
Please let it be times like these.

Gail Legere '78

Seagull, fly over your Blue Mother
Skim her with your blessings and love
and rest peacefully on her rocks.
Close your eyes under the starry night
give your mind to the faceless moon
and awake to the frothy spray on your wings.
Fly and love for another day.

Carol Sylvester '78

AT HOME

A frog which belongs
On a pad in a pond
Is resting on a branch
Of a tree.
He feels lost,
Yet he is at home
Alone.
The bark of his shelter
Is a dead shade of brown
To all eyes
Except his.
He has found vitality
In this lifeless tree
So far from the water.
In this refuge he can be
Anyone.
He can climb, fly, run, or walk,
For he doesn't like to leap
He is alone
And nervous and frightened,
Yet he is at rest
And peaceful;
For he has done what he had to do.
He has traveled
And searched
And found.
The discovery has dismayed him
And reassured him,
For he made it on his own,
By and for himself,
Alone.

Maura Held '78

Rivers flowed from the reservoir within her.
Stars sparkled from the dark skies within him.
He drank the rivers fervently, until there was
nothing left but drought. She wished hopefully
upon the stars until daybreak when they vanished.
The rivers satisfied his never-ending thirst.
The point of the stars pierced her unscathed
body.

Her replenished rivers, which were once rushing
freely are now stagnant and murky; and her body
scarred. His stars are shooting stars, traveling
to other innocent domains.

Melissa DeMuis '78

Snow falling like delicate innocence
blanketing vast impurities of human nature
which have been transferred upon the earth.
Diverse crystals, diverse dreams, to
acknowledge the facets of each; an intangible
conquest.

Skys casting down a frigid facade which
slowly melts away when in contact with
warm flesh.

Snow disappears. Blazing ball of fire is
the replacement; another torrid interaction
has begun.

Melissa DeMuis '78

And here I sit again,
like I have done so many times
in the past.
Sweet memories and sad moments
present themselves in my mind,
then disappear just as quickly.
And yet, I am thoughtless. I am
speechless. My mind is blank.
Alone in mind, alone at heart.
What can it possibly mean?

I turn and look back.
I am able to see it all, hear
it all, feel it all, over and
over again like it were yesterday.
Around once more to look ahead,
hoping for the best, expecting the
unexpected. But will I be ready?
Maybe my world will crumble
beneath me, or maybe I will
build a mountain of gold and
climb to the peak.
Suddenly I hear the music and
face my reality.
I am me. I am here.
I have a specific purpose.
And yes, I will make it.
But when?
Was it yesterday?
Is it today?
Or could it be tomorrow?

Diane Peterson '77

Is life really a series of good-byes?
Sometimes it feels that way,
but it really isn't.
Many people pass through our lives always
leaving a part of themselves behind.
The feelings shared are imprinted
upon our emotions forever. So even if
we never meet again, I'm happy
for the times we were together.

Sue Forman '77

I love to talk with little kids
 and get their opinions on life.
 I like to find out what they think
 about this world of strife.
 For what they say relieves me
 and gives me a sense of hope.
 To tackle what may be ahead
 and hidden from my view.
 They always see the brighter side
 and never see the rain.
 They never lose an inch
 but always seem to gain.
 That is why I cherish them;
 they give my dreams new birth.
 For little children with their youth
 control this very earth!

Cathy Cardillicchio '78

you enter my
 dreams uninvited
 shaking my memory
 awake
 smiling at my sleepiness
 gently loving
 me again.

Sallie Holian '77



K Jamieson

I CAN REMEMBER...

I can remember her perfectly, sitting and slowly rocking in her chair. That soft, gray hair gently twisted into a bun was characteristic of her old-fashioned ways. In this final phase of her life, books, magazines, a radio, and rosary beads always inhabited her domain which stretched to cover the four-foot-long braided rug beside the dresser. She always wore a flowered housedress and a shawl. I enjoyed seeing her every couple of weeks or so. She always lit up with that honest smile when company entered the room. Then she'd greet you with that cheery welcome in her thick Irish brogue which enchanted me with its mystical style. I never quite understood what it meant to be 89 years old then. She knew so much--she had seen things of which I could never even begin to dream. There was so much knowledge, experience, and wisdom behind those bifocal glasses and smiling, blue Irish eyes. But at that point, I had never seen behind her dress which bored me, her smile which welcomed me, and her brogue which mystified me. I like her--I even loved her. She was my great-grandmother, and I did enjoy seeing her. But those brief visits only came along every couple of weeks and, more often than not, only after a parental nudging. They were fun, yet they were boring, and although I enjoyed them, I would not have missed them.

Life went on around me, and my dominion far outstretched hers which encompassed the area of her rug. I occupied my time with my family, friends, sports, and school. Then came the day when my world, already so broad, expanded to cover a great deal more as it took into its area those four feet of braided rug on which she rested, for that day when I came home, I discovered she had gone. It was her leaving this world and me that finally brought her to me. I can't remember any occasion before or since when I have been so moved as on that winter day when I learned of her death, for it was then that I saw her for the first time. I saw beyond her dress and her hair and her brogue. I realized all she was--all I had never seen. It came to me that I had denied myself of her and all she had to offer, for if I had just given her the chance, she might have taught me something which could have proved to be the most important thing I would learn in my life. As I reflected, I realized that maybe she had.

Maura Held '78

LITTLE ANGEL
(STACY)

God called you to his side too soon;
You touched our life only briefly.
But the memory lingers in our hearts;
The joy you gave us shall be remembered.
Dear Little Angel you shall never be forgotten.
We felt your closeness within us,
And pray to God to keep you close by Him.
For you are our Little Angel.

Gail Legere '78

The delicate wings of the seagull
flap softly through the night's quiet air.
Over the blue face of its mother
the gull sees a lonely sight.
Its own reflection on the
rippling water.

Carol Sylvester '78

TO ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS

I unique being
Sensitive to a touch--
A smile
But mostly a look.
He reads your every thought
With an understanding;
A sincerity like no other
I wish to spend my time knowing him,
Concentrating on his every move.
And I think
I'd love
To
Love him.

Cathy Cardillicchio '78

She watched his thoughts run their course. She could see the tears building up in his eyes, and this frightened her. She took his hand from her cheek, kissed it, then replaced it on her cheek, holding her hand on top of his for a second.

She watched him with the intensity that only a child could have. She thought of all the moments they had shared; happy moments filled with laughter and sun. She wanted to smile then and felt her lips twitch but held it back.

Softly she brushed back a lock of hair that had fallen onto his forehead. She wanted so desperately to say to him the words that were fighting to leave her heart. How she would do anything for him; anything that would please him--not out of gratitude, but simply out of love.

Silent, she remained though--and his eyes, soft brown, understood and accepted her silence. Later she would remember the words he now spoke--"always when you are far away and nothing more than a memory, you will still bring smiles to me, for thoughts of you are happy thoughts..."

Her eyes lingered for a moment longer on him, painting an everlasting image in her heart.

He watched her sigh as he gently nudged her towards the door, and if he hadn't been waiting for her words, he would never have heard her whisper, "I Love You," before she turned and ran inside.

Sarah Holian '77

MAN BY THE SEA

Down the coast, by the shore
sits an old man with shells in his hands.
And I never know whether to say hello
or walk by, words falling like grains of sand.

With the red sun rising early in the morn
he is there; head bent up towards the sun.
In his khaki pants and whitened skin
the youthful days are over; old age has begun.

Reading his eyes from where I sit,
I know this sea is the only home he has found.
Bringing his troubles with him
he smiles to himself as he sees them drown.

Carol Sylvester '78

CAN YOU FALL OUT OF LOVE

If you leap into love like a frog into
 his pond
Is it really love you are in?

If you fall out of love like a nut
 out of a tree
Was it really love you were in?

If you were to walk into love,
 hand in hand,
It would be like quicksand,
And the two of you would sink
 deeper and deeper
 And never return.

Mary Creedon '77

REMEMBERING YOU--SILENTLY

all the days passed too swiftly
and you, you went with the wind
 onto new horizons and
 me--i'm staying alone
with the willow--weeping
 silently remembering you.

in every gentle swaying
of my weeping wisps of willow
you, you happen back again
and me--i gaze through
 the willow misty eyed,
 silently remembering you.

Sallie Holian '77

IT WAS A DREAM

Dreams I had of me and you,
Dreams that will never come true,
We got along so well,
Everyone could tell,
That we were in love.

But the dreams shattered.
Nothing we could do mattered;
We did our best; we tried.
But somehow our love died;
It died when we awoke.

Love isn't made from dreams;
Love needs more it seems.
Though what we had
Was wonderful, not bad;
It was a dream, not love.

Kathy Jamieson '77

Trust yourself.
For if you don't,
Nobody else really will.
They don't care enough.

Denise George '78

TOMORROW

Present are we now,
But tomorrow will we be so?
Today, we stand together
With searching eyes
On the rising sun.
Yet, we know before long
It will descend from sight
As we, too, must someday do.

Maura Held '78

A FRIEND

The brown puppy sits on the porch.
Looking sad and lonely,
He weeps pathetically for a friend.
Left alone, he cries.

The screen door slowly creaks open.
A child peeps at the puppy;
He runs quietly to comfort it,
For each a friend is found.

Together they skip along with joy
Into the grassy yard.
There they see the horrible site--
Another puppy asleep in death.

They move closer to see what can be done,
But they can only weep.
Sorrow is deep in the heart of both;
The world is silent out of respect.

Lonely the puppy lived but will not die;
His little friend will stay close to him.
The child realizes death is new life--
The puppy was peacefully asleep.

Gail Legere '78

